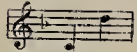


IN F

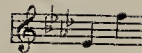


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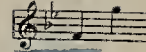


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IN A^b



IN B^b



OH, PROMISE ME!

(PROMETS QU'UN JOUR)

ROMANZA

WORDS BY

CLEMENT SCOTT

Music by

REGINALD DE KOVEN

PRICE 60 CENTS

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LTD.

OAKVILLE, ONT.

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Low in B flat

Medium, in C

High in D

GLORIA.

SACRED SONG.

Words by
M.C. SHUTLER.

Made by
A. BULLI PECOLA.

p con dolcissimo
Ev'ry flow'r feels the power
O-gni fior al te-por

p
Of the budding April time, Ev'ry heart doth bear its part in
del fio-rens - te April O-gni cor al lue a - mor

allegro
prais-ing Thee, O Lord, di-vine. So the breeze on the seas
Spi-gua-n can ti - co-gna-ti-l L'ali - far sopra i mar

a tempo
Neath a cloud-less sum-mer sky Shows thy face re - flec - ted
in se - re - no di La tua gran-de spec - chia

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Glory to God who from the heav'n above, rulest supreme the world.

Ev'ry flow'r feels the power of the budding April time,
Ev'ry heart doth bear its part in praising Thee, O Lord, divine.
So the breeze on the seas, neath a cloudless summer sky,
Shows thy face reflected, from the great throne on high!
In the dark day of sorrow our comfort Thou art.
From Thee must we borrow all solace for the heart.

God is there. Haste, His mercy implore; All acclaim His great name. Sov'reign Lord, for evermore.

Glory Thou who art Lord of all;
Who to thy power doth all mercy unite.
Works of man endure not, all they pass in a night;
Thou for ever reignest in thy splendour and might!
Glory thou who art Lord of all,
God of love, God of love, God of might, God for ever.

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LTD., Oakville, Ontario, CANADA

Oh Promise Me.

3

Promets Qu'un Jour

MELODIE

Words by
CLEMENT SCOTT

Music by
REGINALD DE KOVEN, Op. 50

VOICE *Moderate*

PIANO *p* *pesante*

Oh! prom-ise me, that some day you and
Pro - mets qu'un jour, dans l'ou - bli de ce

I Will take our love to-gether to some sky, Where
mon - de Li - és par no - tre foi, comme i - ci - bas, Nous

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H. & H. 6a

semplice
p

we can be a - lone and faith re - new,
mê - le - rons aux touf - fes des li - las,

And
La

cresc.

poco rall.

find the hol - lows where those flow - ers - grew, ——— Those
vi - o - lette aux pru - nel - les pro - fon - des. Puis

p poco rall.

con tenerezza

first sweet vi - o - lets of ear - ly spring, Which
en - i - vres de ces à - pres en - cens, Nous

p marc. la melodia

cresc.

come in whis - pers, thrill us both, and sing Of
ou - vri - rons notre âme à l'har - mo - nie, Aux

cresc.

love un - speak - a - ble that is to be, Oh!
 mur - mu - res que fait la dra - pe - rie Des

f *rall.*

prom - ise me, Oh! prom - ise me!
 bois sa - crés, tout le prin - temps.

p

pesante *poco rubato*

Oh!
 Par -

mf

poco rubato

prom - ise me, that you will take my hand,
 mi les fleurs d'a - ne ter - re bé - ni - e, The
 Je

most un - wor - thy in this lone - ly land, And
 cher - che - rai tes pas sur le che - min, Voy -

let me sit be - side you, in your eyes
 ant naître en tes yeux le clair ma - tin,

cresc.
 See - ing the vi - sion of our par - a - dise.
 Et quand pen - che le jour, l'é - toile a - mi - e.
cresc.

ff largamente e con passione
 Hear - ing love's mes - sage, while the or - gan rolls, Its
 Rê - ves d'es - poir, po - é - ti - ques chan - sons, Vê -

migh - - ty mu - sic to our ve - - ry souls, No
brez en nous. A - mour, ou - vres tes ai - - les; Viens

con forza

love, less per - fect than a life with thee, Oh!
sou - - le - ver nos â - mes im - - mor - tel - les Qui

cresc.

prom - ise me, Oh! prom - ise me!
vont chan - ter à l'u - nis - son.

rall. *ff* *dim.*

p *rall.* *pp*

God remembers when the world forgets.

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Audante.

PIANO. *p*

Lento

Allegretto.

How man-y gar-dens in this world of ours, Hold blos-soms that have never
come to flow'rs? A sud-den wind comes cold-ly by,
The rose tree bids its fair-est bud good-bye.

rall.

rall.

How many gardens in this world of ours
Hold blossoms that have never come to flowers?
A sudden wind comes coldly by—
The rose tree bids its fairest bud good-bye.

How many ships of ours go out to sea
In search of havens that shall tranquil be?
The storms of fate their fairest hopes o'er set,
And there is naught to do except forget.

How many wear a smile upon their face
Although their hearts may hold an empty place?
None know the heights nor depths of their regrets,
But God remembers when the world forgets.

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